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AND STILL I LOVE HER.

It's true she writes a scrawly hand,
Puts in two "t's" where one would do,
And spells "dog" with an extra "g;"
But not a girl in this wide land
Is half so dear, and very few
One-tenth as sweet as she to me.

Dear thing! she sometimes says: "I seen,"
"They was," "I's not," or "So be you;"
"Them's yours," "They's good"—harsh to my ears;
But she is still my lovely queen,
Whose heart-beats are to mine most true,
And will be yet for many years.

Some say that love is blind, and I
Would add that love is deaf also.
Though grammariess and spelling bad,
My love is handsome, sweet and shy
The secret of our love you'd know?
She's only five, and I'm her dad.

—*Mark Bennitt, in Judge.*

JAPANESE LIFE.

A Glimpse of It as It Is at Home and in Public.

Handsome Feet—Good Babies—House Decorations—Simplicity of Dress—Cremation Very Common—Public Customs—Incomprehensible Music.

"The Japanese are remarkable for the beauty of their feet," said Prof. Edward S. Morse in his lecture on Japanese life and customs. "It is quite a common sight to see them bare-footed about their homes, and the practice is a characteristic of all classes, high and low. I remember once visiting a nobleman at his house, and he received me bare-footed. His dress and personal habiliments were exceedingly gorgeous."

The professor held up for inspection two pair of shoes worn by the inhabitants of the Mikado islands. They were about the length of an ordinary sized foot and some three inches wide. The wood was light and grainless. Prof. Morse explained that the stocking worn by these people is seamed so that an apartment is left for the big toe, like the thumb of a mitten. The straps that hold the sandals to the feet are passed over the instep and between the large toe and the others. "Little children are seen with these awkward sandals upon their feet," continued the speaker, "strapped to the back of some young girl. Sometimes the little one goes to sleep and to illustrate the activity of the toe, the sandal remains suspended to the foot. The girl carries the infant about as she plays at battle-door and shuttlecock. Occasionally the infant cries, but it is a rare occurrence; indeed one might remain six months in Japan without seeing a baby ill-natured. Among the lower classes a crying child is supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit. An irritant plaster is put upon the child's back to draw out the evil being. The large children always carry something about. If there is no baby in the family, then a cat is brought into requisition. And let me say right here that the Japanese do not eat cats or rats, as is generally supposed. They do, however eat monkeys.

"An extraordinary feature of Japan is its houses. All the homes are low, one-story structures, unpainted and rather unprepossessing. The attractive part of a Japanese house is in the rear. The front part of the house is not ornamented, but all fancy decorations are to be found facing the garden. The rear of all the houses being so adorned, many lovely courts are thus in vogue. A Japanese garden is beautiful all the year round. I must speak a good word for the simplicity and taste manifested in the interior of a Japanese home. We decorate our mansions with costly entrances and countless bric-a-brac. We even stick a Roger's group in the front window so that pedestrians may know we possess a piece of statuary. And right here I wish to remark that the place for a statuette is at the back of the room, with the light striking it from the side. In Japan simplicity and elegance characterizes interiors. There will be one painting of splendid workmanship. When the household wearies of the work another picture is substituted.

"I had expected to find the women in Japan dressed in bright and gay gowns. The fairs in this country and other depictions of Japanese women led me to expect this. I was disappointed, for though some of the colors in dress fabrics are positive, the rule is some simple shade or tint. I observed, too, that the children at school were modestly and simply attired, and especially was it so of the sons and daughters of the nobility. Upon investigation I learned that from time immemorial it had been the practice of wealthy people to dress their children in an unostentatious manner so that no contrast could be instituted between them and the young of the poorer classes. This is a sentiment in a good many other features of social Japan.

"Their temples with their bright-colored woodwork, rich and intricate carving and elaborate metal trimmings form a wonderful contrast with the homes of the people. Within is a strange medley of curious things: Old armor, Buddhist idols and other quaint and remarkable things. I remember that in one temple was hung a lithographic picture of the steamer City of China. It seems that this steamer years ago had rescued three mariners, and returned them to the island. In honor to the kindness, for Japan was not then on terms of peace with the civilized world, a lithograph of the steamer was procured by order of the priests, and it was framed and hung upon the walls as a monument of a good action. These temples are set usually in primeval forests, and the religion of Buddhism resembles the Catholic faith in a good many respects. The worshiper spats his hands as he prays, to attract the attention of the gods. Then again he jingles bells, and at praper in the temple, with the same purpose at heart.

"The funeral ceremonies are exceedingly odd. Cremation is very common in Japan. Probably half of the people who die are burned. I attended the rites upon the body of one of my students. At the grave the casket, or rather box, was placed upon two frame horses. His companion students stood about in a dignified way, manifesting, however, no indications of grief. There they remained smoking cigarettes while one made a prayer of fifteen minutes' duration. The prayer in itself was peculiar. Though I was partially familiar with the language I could not make out a a single word. It sounded like the ceaseless buzzing of a bumble bee. When the boy was lowered into the grave each student poked a bit of dirt into the grave with his cane or umbrella. You never see a neglected grave in Japan. The anniversary of the demise is always observed by relatives, who decorate the graves. Graves of poets who have been dead five hundred years are carefully looked after.

"In public many conventional features are observed. Of course every body sits on mats. These mats, three by six feet square, fit into the floor like dominos in a box. At a public lecture you can sit where you please, but the reversed seat or stall system is in vogue with the theaters, The theaters are big, oblong, square structures, with two aisles running from the stage to the front of the house. These aisles are on a level with the stage, while the floor is eighteen inches below the aisles, and is divided into innumerable bins, nicely partitioned off. The playgoer walks along one of the aisles until he comes to his reserved bin. Then he walks the partition rail and so reaches the apartment, The play lasts from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m., as a rule. The patron fetches his food with him and eats, smokes and drinks tea throughout the performance. There is a revolving stage upon the stage proper, and the scenic effects are all real. While one act is going on the carpenters are at work upon the back of the revolving stage preparing the effects for the next act. The larger theaters are lighted by gas, but are not heated. Between the acts the children rush up the aisles and behind the curtain to see the carpenters at work.

"The actors are held in high esteem—are almost, in fact, worshiped. Their pictures are sold upon the streets and their names are household words. They have many of the stage mannerisms that are seen behind the footlights in this country. Women do not act, A youth of eighteen may be seen in one act as a crooning old woman, in another as a valiant warrior, and later as a coy maiden.. The stage is not lighted and boys dressed entirely in black rush about holding candles on bamboo poles right in the faces of the actors in order that the facial expression may be studied. Boys, too, carry crickets, and it is their duty to place them for the warrior as he sits down. When any one is killed in the play a boy screens the body with a shroud, and the actor crawls off the stage on his hands and knees. The conceit is ridiculous, for the moving head and feet of the dead man are visible from each end of the shroud. When a night effect is desired a black box with a transparent crescent moon is let down from the flies. The orchestra is composed of human voices that follow the varying fortunes of the play with suitable groans, shouts or cooings.

"The music of Japan is incomprehensible until you have given it careful study. They have no war song, home songs or love songs. The priests sing and chant, but the people employ it done by professional vocalists. It is so with dancing. If a gentleman gives a dinner a dancing girl is brought in and gives an exhibition. They are capital entertainers, and dress beautifully. Fans and musical instruments are used in their performances. Some of these women are renowned for their wit and conversational attainments. While some of the Japanese acknowledge the superiority of our educational systems, they contend that their music is superior to our own, Some of us Americans sang them a number of patriotic songs. When the words were interpreted to them the deprecatedthe custom of connecting war with music.

"The child of Japan is a free thing. His parents use every means to familiarize him with life. I have seen a child asleep in the office of a big silk house in the busiest portion of the day. He lay amidst the busy book-keepers, but each was careful not to disturb the little one."

—Always be placid. A physician says there is nothing like care or worriment to plow furrows in the forehead, and these are badly marring the faces of our American women. We pass in the streets women of thirty-five whose foreheads are more wrinkled than the brow should be at seventy. Some of these may not have more cares than others, but they unnecessarily yield to the tendency to express them in the face.

—One of our lady correspondents, who has just begun housekeeping, wishes us to inform her whether or not minced ham comes from ground hog. —*N. H. News.*

—The "oldest inhabitant" always means well; but he is apt to get rattled on facts—*N. O. Picayune.*

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

The General Character and the Symptoms of the Terrible Disease.

In view of the alarming extent to which pleuro-pneumonia exists in this country. and its liability to appear in almost any section not yet infected, it becomes of the utmost importance to the cattle interests of the country that stockmen should be able to recognize the disease as soon as possible after its first appearance in a locality. Owing to the insidious nature of this disease this is not always as simple as might be supposed, and certainly not as could be desired.

A knowledge of the general character and symptoms of the disease, while it will not enable all stockmen to definitely recognize the disease at the outset, will place them in a position to recognize the possibility of the presence of this disease whenever a suspicious contagious outbreak may occur in their locality, and at the same time enable them to take the necessary precautions to prevent further spreading.

The disease is due to a specific germ or contagium, which usually gains access to the system through the respiratory passages into the lungs, where its action is mostly limited, there producing characteristic changes in the lung tissue by which the disease is recognized from other forms of lung diseases. This contagium is produced in immense numbers in the lungs of a diseased animal, and it is by the transmission of this contagium from the sick to the healthy that the disease is spread. Contact with a diseased animal or with the diseased products from such an animal is *neccessary* to contract the disease. Stables, yards and fields wherein the desease has been, any articles or substances that have been in contact with the sick animals or their products, or even the clothing of attendants may all contain the living germ of the desease for a variable length of time, and during that period are capable of conveying the desease to a healthy animal coming in contact with the same.

The period of incubation—the lapse of time after the specific poison enters the system and before it produces changes sufficient to interfere with the general health of the animal, and by which it may be recognized—is ordinarily ten days to three weeks, but in exceptional cases may extend to three or four months. Generally the disease is of a lingering, often of an insidious character, running a course of two to ten weeks or even longer and terminating in death, or a slow, uncertain recovery. But during its first appearance in a district and also in warm weather it commonly runs a more rapid course, the animals dying in a few days with acute symptoms; however, this is the exception rather than the rule.

The general symptoms are essentially those of other diseases of the lungs. An increased body temperature of two to three degrees Fahrenheit usually appears a few days or a week before any other symptoms. But as this can be ascertained only by the use of the clinical thermometer, it becomes of no general diagnostic value except in suspected herds or cattle known to have been exposed. In such instances, however, the thermometer becomes an important aid to recognizing the disease in an animal before the general symptoms appear.

The first outward or obvious symptoms are usually erection of the hair, especially along the back, giving the animal a general unthrifty appearance, and a slight, dry, short cough, which gradually increases in severity and is aggravated by cold or drinking cold water. These are soon followed by loss of appetite, increased respiration and pulse, which may be accompanied by shivering; the horns, ears and limbs alternately cold and hot, the muzzle usually dry; rumination becomes irregular or soon ceases altogether when the animal refuses to eat; the secretion of milk is diminished and soon ceases; the bowels become costive, followed later by diarrhœa. There is tenderness, often extreme, causing the animal to wince or groan when pressure is applied along the back or between the ribs. Percussion and auscultation of the chest will show dullness and absence of the normal respiratory murmur over particular parts of the lungs; structural changes will be found rapidly going on within the lungs, and such unnatural sounds as friction, wheezing, crepitation, etc., may usually be heard.

The breathing now becomes more difficult and labored, while all the symptoms become aggravated until the animal stands persistently with fore limbs apart and elbows turned out, back arched, the head carried low and extended on the neck, the mouth open, nostrils dilated, and each breath accompanied by a painful moan.

These symptoms vary greatly in different cases, depending largely on the severity of the attack and the portion of lung involved. In some instances the animal appears unwell for several days with an occasional cough, and, unless recognized, the disease may progress in a mild form and the animal apparently recover without showing any decisive symptoms. It is these mild cases that at times make the disease so difficult to recognize and so liable to be spread unknown. Then, too, the general symptoms in mild cases are so much like those of the simple, noncontagious inflammation of the lungs that in isolated cases the only positive means of diagnosis is by a post mortem examination of the cavity of the chest.

In the contagious disease there will be found the characteristic marbled appearance on section of the diseased lung due to the difference in coloration of different lobules, and the distention of the inter-lobular connective tissue by extensive exudation, appearances very different from those seen in simple inflammation. There is also more or less effusion usually found in the pleural cavity. These characteristic lesions are easily recognizable by one familiar with the disease, and readily distinguished from the lesions caused by other diseases of the lungs.—*Dr. F. L. Kilborne, in Rural New Yorker.*

HINTS ON BALDNESS.

Causes of the Affliction and Remedies for Restoring Vigor to the Scalp.

There may be every degree in the falling out of the hair, from a mere thinness to incurable baldness. So, too, the baldness may be partial, or total. Sometimes it is confined to one or more circular areas of limited dimensions. The hair somewhat resembles a plant. As the vegetable thrives, or is stunted, or fails partially or wholly, according to the character of the soil, so does the hair. The skin is the soil by which its roots are nourished; and its condition determining the degree of vigor of the hair. To a healthy condition two things are essential; a free flow of good blood to the roots, and the normal action of the nerves that regulate the action of the minute arteries which convey the blood. The blood itself may be corrupt, as in baldness due to certain chronic diseases; or there may be a partial paralysis of the nerves, as in the case of baldness confined to small circular areas. There is baldness which is due to a nervous shock, and another which results from a blow on the head. In both these cases the nerves are at fault. Age doubtless acts directly on the vessels, shrinking them, and indirectly on the nerves, lessening their vigor. In incurable baldness the roots are dead—atrophied, is the medical term—through failure of nourishment.

When the hair has simply become thin, or limited. baldness has continued only a short time, what is needed is to restore the falling vigor of the skin; that is, of the nerves and arteries that nourish it. Says that chief authority, Sir Erasmus Wilson: "For defect of growth in length, as also in quantity, we must have recourse to tonic, or stimulant remedies. Tonics improve the nutritive power of the skin; and stimulants for exernal application arouses the energies of the tissues of the skin, more especially those of the vessels and nerves. The usual stimulants adopted for this purpose are ammonia, cantharides (Spanish fly), mustard, the various stimulating liniments and acetic acid." He, however, condemns the use of strong stimulants, as tending to inflame the scalp, and recommends the following mixture as safe: Strong liquor of ammonia, almond oil, and chloroform, each one part; alcohol, five parts; oil of lemons, one drachm. Apply it frequently and freely, after thorough friction with a hair-brush.—*Youths Companion.*

ECONOMY IN WORDS.

A Plan to Shorten Up the System of Printing the English Language.

Why not shorten up our whole system of printing English by leaving out the unnecessary words? If any one will take the trouble to glance over a page of any book in our language he will find that just about half the words might have been omitted without injury to the sense. Would it not even bring the visible language more nearly to the shape of the ideas as actually succeeding each other in the mind? "Oh, John" (for example). "go thou and catch for me the horse of the grandmother of the baker in a hurry." In case of the actual occurrence, would the mind consciously grip more than "—John—catch—horse—grandmother—baker—hurry?" If so, why not print it thus abbreviated, when we come to reduce it to book-speech? Suppose we try the experiment on a passage chosen (pretty much at random) from the twenty-eighth chapter of David Copperfield. I put a dash wherever one or more words are omitted:

"— between ten — eleven — Mrs. Micawber rose — replace — cap — whity-brown — parcel, and — put on — bonnet." (Of course, it would not be "ten" and "eleven" of any thing *but* the clock; and naturally Mrs. M. would not be putting away any body else's cap than her own, or in any whity-brown parcel except a paper one; nor would she, when once you know that only Mr. M., David and Traddles are present, be supposed to have put on the bonnet of either of these gentlemen. Why, then, insert the superfluous words?) Mr. M took—opportunity—Traddles putting on—great-coat—slip—letters—my hand—whispered request—read it—my leisure. I also took—opportunity—holding—candle over—banisters—light them down—detain Traddles—moment—top—stairs.

"'Traddles'—I, 'Mr. M done mean—harm, poor fellow, but—I—you—wouldn't lend—any thing.'

"'—dear C.'—Traddles, smiling, '—haven't—any thing—lend!'

"'—have—name; you know,'—I.

"'Oh!'—Traddles, '—call that something—lend?'—Traddles—thoughtful look."—*Atlantic.*

—There are now 20,647,000 acres of land in the United States owned by twenty-nine foreign landlords and syndicates. The amount of land thus owned is as large as Ireland.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A lie is like a brush-heap on fire; it is easier to let it burn out than to try to extinguish it.—*Kennebec Reporter.*

—Boodle may indeed be derived from the Dutch, but the general impression is that it is taken from the pockets of the people.—*Philadelphia Item.*

—"Well, but if you can't bear her, whatever made you propose?" "Well, we had danced three dances, and I couldn't think of anything else to say." —*London Punch.*

—It may be that Cæsar was right when he declared that "all Gaul is divided into three parts," but we certainly know some men who seem to have got it all, and undivided.

—Variety is the spice of life, but yet every man who wears patched pants wants the patch put on precisely the same color, and put on so neatly that it will not show.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

—"Physician, heal thyself," jocularly said a rich man to the doctor as he came into his office. "Thanks; that is what I propose to do," replied the doctor, presenting a bill for $200. He went out well heeled.

—"Big fire, was it?" "Yes, Joe. Fifteen persons barely escaped with their lives." "That wasn't remarkable." "What's the reason it wasn't?" "If they had escaped without their lives it would have been remarkable."

—One of the clerks at Brentano's is madly in love and very jealous. Yesterday one of his rivals came in to buy a book. "I want 'She,'" he said, carelessly, looking over a pile of Harpers' publications. "Well, you can't get her," replied the clerk, savagely, and then he took a second thought and apologized.

—"What is the origin of the custom of throwing an old shoe after the departing bride and groom?" Ethel wants to know. We don't know, Ethel, unless it is some barbarous suggestion of shoe aside, in which case it is undoubtedly the invention of some miserable, heartless, dried up old mummy of a bachelor.—*Burdette.*

—Little Tommy was taken to see the Stewart collection of paintings and stood for a long time in front of Gerome's "Gladiator." At length he said: "Mamma, which one is Simon?" "Why, what do you mean, child; there is no Simon there." "Yes, there is; don't you see he's just said 'thumbs down.' I think the picture would have been a great deal prettier if he had said 'thumbs wiggle-waggle.'"—*N. Y. Independent.*

CHEAP BOARDING.

An Ethereal Theory Which Will Strike Terror to the Hearts of Hotel Men.

A book has just been published in Boston which no boarding-house keeper can afford to be without. For if the author is correct there is no reason why a human being should be served with a meal more than once or twice a year. One of the chapters of the work treats of fasting. He argues that fasting is conditioned on spirit power, that Doctor Tanner never could have performed his celebrated feat of abstinence had he not been a "medium." Then he goes on to remark: "I have no doubt that with a suitable organization, such as is more common in India than in America, a fast could be sustained by spirit power for six or twelve months."

Here we have a grave menace of the boarding-house business. It is only necessary for the boarders of a city to combine, form a suitable organization on the best model that India affords and possess themselves of sufficient spirit power in order practically to get rid of the necessity of incurring board bills. To be sure, even with suitable organization and spirit power, they would still be required to eat, one meal on New Year's day and another on the Fourth of July. But almost everybody could count upon being invited out on those two holidays. And even the boarders who were not so fortunate could doubtless find fair to middling board for those two meals at fifty cents a meal. One dollar a year for table expenses—will the writer of that pleasing little work, "How to Live on Three Hundred Dollars a Year," please tell us how that strikes him? Just as soon as the Boarders' Anti-Meal Association is ready for business we may expect to see some such advertisements as these in the newspapers:

WANTED.

A gentleman and his wife desire board for a year. He will expect to be served with two meals, one in the spring and the other in the fall. She being of a more ethereal nature, will merely require one meal—to be served in whatever month may be most convenient to all concerned. References exchanged. Address "SPIRIT POWER."

A RARE CHANCE.

Those wishing good board at the lowest terms should call at the Eureka Boarding-House. Spirit power always on tap. We guarantee to take any person, no matter how large his appetite, and after one infusion of the spirit power leave him so that he will be satisfied with two meals a year, or five meals for three years. It will pay you to call on us.

WE DEFY COMPETITION.

Why pay a dollar a year for board when we can sell you ten meal tickets calling for all the food you will want for five years, including pie, for three dollars and ninety-nine cents? Address the Economy Boarding-House Company (limited). Parties not readily yielding to spirit power need not apply.

We hazard nothing in affirming that the boarding-house keepers of the United States never before were confronted with precisely this sort of an amazing emergency. Still, let the boarders beware of rejoicing prematurely at the prospect of phenomenally cheap board. Suppose, while they are absent in India getting points on organization, the boarding-house keepers manage to corner the spirit-power market—what then?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

SEVEN YEARS.

Seven summer suns have brightly shone
Since first you saw the light of day;
Seven winter snows have come and gone
Since first in loving arms you lay,
A father's pride, a mother's joy,
A darling little baby boy.

The little dainty robes of white
Have long ago been laid away;
The little kilts of plaid so bright
Are worn by you no more to-day;
In trousers, every true boy's pride,
You now affect a manly stride.

Our baby boy with dimpled hands,
With stalwart limbs and sturdy lungs,
Who talked and told us all his plans
With ablest of all baby-tongues—
Has he been stolen, lost or sold!
Why, bless me! he is seven years old.

We well recall his baby bow,
The kiss he threw we bring to mind;
He doffs his hat to ladies now,
For he is both polite and kind.
The baby boy we erstwhile had
Is now a gentlemanly lad.

With other lads he goes to school,
He reads his book, he joins in games;
Knows the result of many a rule,
Knows many scientific names;
This laddie, still a pride and joy,
No longer is a baby boy.

'Tis said that every seven years
Brings change complete to every one;
A change that manifest appears
In all who dwell beneath the sun.
That you are changed who will not say?
You who are seven years old to-day.

When seven more years shall pass away
Another change will then appear;
You'll be our boy, though, as to-day,
And to our hearts be just as dear.
—Perhaps you'll wear long trousers then
And short coats like your cousin Ben.

Your longer legs will want to stride
A big bicycle by that time;
A live horse then you'll want to ride,
And up steep mountain-sides you'll climb.
Perhaps you'll join the Knockabout,
And taste the joys of camping out.

You'll want a rod to fish for trout,
For Cousin Ben says 'tis "such fun;"
And—mercy on us!—I've no doubt
But by that time you'll want a gun:
And I shall be beset by fear,
Lest you should shoot yourself, my dear.

You'll play base ball, and tennis, too,
With other big boys on the lawn.
And many other things you'll do,
When seven other years are gone.
This seven gone and seven more,
Our boy will stand at manhood's door.

Ah, little lad, we all can guess
What boys will do, both great and small;
But boyhood passed, I must confess
I can not prophecy at all:
Although I sometimes half-way plan
What you will do when you're a man.

What cause will claim your hand and voice?
The world affords so wide a range!
'Twere idle to foretell your choice.
For hopes and aspirations change—
The last fond hope you have expressed
Is for a ranch somewhere Out West.

Whatever work may come to claim
Your hand, your head, and loving heart—
Whatever be your name or fame,
I pray you may act well your part.
Be faithful, honest, earnest, too,
And grace whatever work you do.

May Heaven grant all these years to you,
To crown a boyhood pure and sweet;
May all your life be good and true,
A blessing unto all you meet.
And blessings rest upon your head
When ten times seven years have fled.

—*Abigail Adams Foster, in Wide Awake.*

SAVED BY A SONG.

What a Knowing Little Bullfinch Did for His Mistress Who Had Been Kind to Him.

In a far-away Tyrolese valley lived little Elsa, in a log chalet, alone with her old grandfather. Frowning precipices encircled the narrow strip of meadow that bordered the rushing stream flowing from the giants of snow and rock towering into the sky all around. But old Franz was getting old, and Elsa had to help him to till the little plots of Indian corn and millet round the chalet, and when the sheaves were ripe, to hang them up to dry upon wooden staves with branching arms, which made the fields look as if peopled with scarecrows. She had to drive the cows to the upland pastures, and to make the cheeses which, every week, old Franz carried in a basket on his back down the valley, to sell at the nearest village. But when her work was over, she would have been very dull in the evenings, while her grandsather sat and dozed in his arm-chair, but for the companionship of her pet bullfinch, with his glossy head and back, and his brick-dust-colored waistcoat.

The grandfather had brought him bach as a present to Elsa, when he was quite a young bird, and the latter's kindness soon tamed him so that he would eat out of her hand. Then his education began; and on long winter evenings, when the wind roared through the forest and the river raged past the hut, old Franz would pull out his clarionet, and by the light of the wood fire teach Bullie to pipe.

After much time and patience had been expended on him, one day, to his little mistress' delight, he whistled through the Austrian National Hymn: "God save Franz the Emperor," without a mistake.

Elsa was never dull now, for there was always some new tune to be taught Bullie, and she and the bird became inseparable. And thus, when one Sunday morning, early, she and her grandfather, both of them dressed in their best, started over the mountain to the feast at Imst, she tied up Bullie's cage in a handkerchief, and took him with her.

The streets of Imst were crowded with peasants in holiday dress proceeding to the outdoor stage, where was performed the annual religious play. The roof was the blue sky, the background the snow peaks; and Elsa sat and listened, open-mouthed, to the quaint mixture of Old Testament story and ancient legend.

Dinner followed at Frau Luia's, a cousin's; after which Bullie hopped out of the cage and went through his performances. His shill notes rang out into the street, and Melchior, the peddlar came, and taking him on his finger, listened critically. Melchoir dealt in every sort of ware, and was a great traveler, knowing every village and valley in the district, and sometimes even going as far as Innsbruck or Munich.

"That's a fine bird of yours, Father Franz! I don't mind giving you ten florins for him! What do you say?"

Poor Elsa gave a little cry of dismay, but was relieved to hear her grandfather reply:

"Gold won't buy him, friend Melchoir, thank you. He's my little maiden's pet."

After dinner the three made the round of the fair; they watched the peasants rifle-shooting at targets, dancing under the trees, and singing songs to the "xither," with wild "joddling" choruses, and only late regained their valley home.

A few weeks later winter set in, with unusual violence of storm and rain, and brought dire misfortune to Elsa. Her grandfather was confined to bed with rheumatism, and the river rising suddenly in the night, and flooding the valley, carried off their crops, and drowned the two cows, their chief support. The damp and anxiety made the old man so ill, that Elsa became quite anxious. Their food and their money were exhausted, and there was no more milk to make cheeses for sale.

Elsa was at her wits' end what to do, when a cheery pipe from Bullie reminded her of Melchior's words. If she sold the bird, she could procure medicine and food for her grandfather. But it was a bitter wrench, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, and wetted Bullie's glossy coat, as, taking him from his cage, she pressed him to her lips for a last kiss.

Then she told her grandfather she was off to Imst to buy provisions.

There was a lull in the storm, but the mountains were swathed in a cotton-wool-like fog, as the brave little maiden ascended the winding path.

The moisture chilled her to the bone, and the white world around her frightened her by its silence. But on she went, and the fog closed stealthily round, and gradually hid the path and every landmark from her sight. Struggling on in terror, a rift in the midst showed her she was utterly lost, and on the brink of a yawning precipice. Overcome with fatigue and fear, Elsa sank to the ground, hiding Bullie's cage under her cloak, and gave herself up for lost. The cold fog wrapped her in its chilly embrace, and a death-like torpor gradually stole over her.

It was nearly nightfall when two wood-cutters, sent by her anxious grandfather to search for her, came groping their way through the fog, fearing the worst for her. Suddenly, through the awful stillness, a familiar sound struck on their ears, and the shrill notes of the Emperor's Hymn came ringing through the gloom. It was Bullie piping away cheerily from beneath the warm shelter of his poor little mistress, whom they found lying unconscious in a most perilous spot.

Thus had the litte bird saved Elsa's life!

The wood-cutters carried her down to Imst to Frau Luia, to whose care the old grandfather, too, was presently removed. And I need not say that none ever dreamt again of selling the bullfinch.—*Edith E. Cuthell, in Little Folks.*

MILITARY PRESSURE.

The Tremendous Political Influence Exercised by the Armies of Europe.

The pressure of the army staffs of Europe toward war is an element in the situation of which too little account is taken. The civil power is here so completely supreme that the opinion of the army counts for little, even in foreign politics, and in home politics does not count at all. Upon the Continent, however, the Governments, even when, as in France, they are nominally civil, rest ultimately upon vast armies, whose chiefs are as potent in affairs, especially in foreign affairs, as leading statesmen. The Russian and Austrian Emperors look to the army as the mainstay of their power—there are men who say there is no true Austria except the Imperial army—and would regard any widespread discontent among their officers or any contempt for their action felt within the barracks as grave calamities. Even when not soldiers themselves—and they are both soldiers—those two sovereigns listen to their Generals with deep attention; and when told that great military opportunities are passing away, or that grave military dangers may arise from delay, are as much influenced as an English Minister is when he perceives that his party is eager for a special course of action. They court, in fact, their most effective supporters. In France the Government is at times actually afraid of the army; which if irritated can overset it; and though that fear is not felt in Germany, where loyalty is a military passion, any "loss of heart" among officers is sincerely dreaded. That is a loss of the impulse which makes a discipline tolerable, induces all classes to serve, and helps in the hour of danger to insure the sacrifices which can alone produce victory. An army which believes in its chief's capacities is a different instrument from an army which doubts them, and an indefinitely stronger one. If, therefore, the great group of picked and scientific soldiers who form the army staff of Germany report as their deliberate judgment that "the retention of Metz will in the next war save 100,000 men," or that the delay of a year will add five per cent. to the mobility of the French army, the German Court, including Prince Bismarck, are compelled to listen with grave attention.—*Spectator.*